F 57
.M3 M7
Copy 1

MOORE'S NEW ENGLAND

VIEWS

MT. MANSFIELD

AND VICINITY, VERMONT.

PUBLISHED BY H. F. MOORE, CONCORD, N. H.

MOUNT MANSFIELD

AND ITS ENVIRONS.

Views and Sketches.

Contents.

MOUNT MANSFIELD AND ITS ENVIRONS, ... 3
THE ROUTE, ... 7
THE SUMMIT HOUSE AND BARN: CHIN IN THE DISTANCE, 8
LAKE OF THE CLOUDS, FROM THE CHIN, ... 10
OLD MAN MANSFIELD: MOUTH OF CAVE, NOSE, AND SUMMIT HOUSE IN THE DISTANCE, ... 13
NOSE AND PROFILES, FROM THE SUMMIT HOUSE, ... 13
NOSE AND SUMMIT HOUSE, FROM THE EAST SIDE, ... 14
MOUNT MANSFIELD, FROM STOWE, ... 15
THE SMUGGLERS' NOTCH, ... 16
THE MAMMOTH SPRING, ... 20
MOSS GLEN FALLS AND CASCADE, ... 22

7124

CONCORD, N. H.:

PUBLISHED BY H. P. MOORE.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by H. P. Moore, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of New Hampshire.

F57
.M3M7

Mount Mansfield,

AND ITS ENVIRONS.

MOUNT MANSFIELD may justly claim to be *the* mountain of the Green Mountains of Vermont. And considering its out-towering proportions, the unrivalled prospect it commands, and the peculiarly picturesque beauty of its rich and varied surroundings, it may, indeed, well be classed among the most remarkable mountain elevations any where to be found within the whole compass of New England. It is remarkable as having been the first part of the State to attract the eye of Captain Champlain, the discoverer of Vermont, while entering the lake that bears his name, — remarkable in location, as marking just forty-four and one half degrees of north latitude, — remarkable in shape, as strikingly resembling the face of a man lying on his back, the *Nose* and *Chin* forming the two distinct and highest peaks, — remarkable in altitude, as the highest mountain in the State, and measuring almost five thousand feet above the level of the ocean, and almost four thousand above the immediately surrounding country, — remarkable as nearly

the centre of the more than forty square miles of green, primeval forest, which heavily clothes its precipitous sides, and through which the bald summits seem to have broken, and shot up into the face of the clouds, — remarkable as rising at once and so boldly out of the midst of a smooth, well-cultivated, and populous agricultural district, whose productive farms and thriving villages close up on both its sides to the very foot of the steep ascent, — and finally and especially remarkable for the grand and unusually extensive views it affords of nearly the whole of the northern, and a large portion of the southern half of Vermont, from New Hampshire to New York, together with extensive reaches into the interior of each of the latter, and of Canada.

As you stand on the *Chin*, where the purely talcose slate bed rock of the mountain, here tapering up to a point, forms the highest pinnacle of the highest summit, your eye takes in, at one circling sweep, the whole vast area of country, from the White Hills of New Hampshire to the shadowy Adirondacks of New York — a tract of nearly one hundred and fifty miles in extent. But your eye is first attracted to the objects lying more immediately around, or within the near vicinity of the mountain; and, turning to the east, you look down from shelf to shelf and ridge to ridge, over the dark, shaggy forests, rapidly falling away in confused perspective from your feet, until your eye, gladly escaping from the wildering maze of wooded cliffs, disjointed hills, and intersecting gorges, gratefully rests on the smooth, cultivated farms below, dotted with human habitations, and beautifully variegated, in their season, by the different and delicate shadings of the growing crops of the flowing green maize, the lighter tinted cereals, and the luxuriant

grasses for which Vermont is so noted. And then, as you lift your eye over the expanding landscape, you behold all the beauties and contrasts that so peculiarly characterize American scenery, lying in picturesque combination, and spreading out far and wide to greet the delighted senses. The many and multiform dark wooded mountains, the darker corresponding valleys, the thousand intermingling hills and ridges, with their long, hazy dales and sequestered glades, the alternating squares of field and forest, the winding streams with their glancing waterfalls and cascades, and the wood-girt lakelets, sparkling up through the trees like silver threads, and bright gems interwoven and set, as if to light up and beautify the more sombre aspect of the groundwork; and lastly the solitary farm-houses, with their cosy, surrounding openings, the more social-looking hamlets, and the ambitious white villages gleaming, at intervals, through the fringing tree-tops, and sending up their hundred church spires to mark their progress in arts and civilization, — these, all these lie spread out before you in their brightest beauty and magnificence. And over all these the gratified eye wanders on and on, till the vision, growing dim in the blue distance, at length rests on Mount Washington, which lies low outstretched on the extreme verge of the eastern horizon, like white wreaths of foam driven upon some distant beach of the ocean.

As you turn your view westward, your eye passes down over another intermediate wild labyrinth of mountain and hillside forests, long, swelling ridges, dark ravines, glittering streams, pleasant openings, and clustering villages, till it is greeted by the long, bright line of the waters of Lake Champlain bordering the valley of

the western expanse. Beyond this rises, in their wild, amphitheatric pride and glory, range after range of the towering Adirondacs, whose variant peaks, growing less and less in the far-reaching perspective, at length mingle with the sky at their last visible outpost, the cloud-piercing Mount Marcy. Along this stupendous pile of mountains the eye courses down northward, until their gradually diminishing forms are lost in the broad valley of the mighty St. Lawrence, whose silvery waters are seen gleaming up in the far distance, as if to light and guide the view to the glittering spires of Montreal on its western banks.

And lastly, as you turn to the north and the south, the strong, boldly-marked, raised chart of the two distinct ranges of the Green Mountains, with their intermediate spurs, extending through the whole length of the State, and marked, at intervals, by the out-towering Montgomery and Jay peaks, in Vermont, and the Owl's Head and Mount Belisle, in Canada, on the one hand, and Camel's Hump, or the "Crouching Lion," Groton and Killington peaks, and the far-off Ascutney, on the other, completes the rich expanse of this magnificent picture of mountain scenery, which Mount Mansfield, with a favoring atmosphere, will furnish the gratified beholder who may be at the pains of ascending its commanding summit.

Other mountain tops may afford views of all the rugged grandeur that has been ascribed to them, but none, in the whole United States, as is affirmed by those who have ascended them all, exhibit views and prospects which, in the various combinations of the picturesque, the beautiful, and the sublime, surpass, if they equal, those of Mount Mansfield.

Having thus given a general outline description of this noted mountain and its surroundings, we will now proceed with our notices and explanations of the accompanying views, taken to delineate some of the most interesting points of its varied scenery. For the benefit of the travelling public, however, we will first describe the best, and for most tourists, indeed, the only practicable route to the mountain.

THE ROUTE.

IN describing the route to the mountain for tourists coming from the West and the East, over the Vermont, Canada and Central railroads, and arriving, with that view, at the flourishing village of Waterbury, whose railway station is the nearest one to the place of ascent, we can do no better than to quote from one well known to the public: "Leaving the Vermont Central railway at Waterbury, the tourists are taken by the stage of Messrs. Hawley & Durkee ten miles to Stowe, thence by the livery teams of Messrs. Seaver & Wilkins to the top of the mountain. The roads from Waterbury to this place have been very much improved since last year. Through public and private enterprise, over three hundred dollars have been expended upon the road from the base to the top of the mountain, this season. By these means, tourists may now go by carriages, and in entire safety, to the *Half-Way House*, within a mile and a half of the top. The balance of the ascent, to the door of the *Summit House*, is accomplished on horseback, and without the least peril or discomfort. The stage men and livery men are all prompt, courteous, and obliging, their horses

strong and sure-footed, and their carriages durable and safe."

We might as well say here that Stowe is a neat, pleasant, thriving business village of about five hundred inhabitants, who are intelligent, kind, and attentive to the wants of the visitor; this, with the beautiful scenery and pleasant drives about, renders it a desirable place for summer resort. Here is found the "Mansfield House," one of the best hotels in the country.

The distance from Stowe over the smooth and pleasant river road to the foot of the mountain, is about five miles; and from that up the still further well-wrought and safe carriage road to the *Half-Way House*, being half the distance from the base to the top of the mountain, is one mile and a half. At this romantic mountain-side opening, with its convenient cottage and stables, tourists leave the carriages for a little rest, to take a draught of the cool crystal waters of the copious fountain, and the trout pond adjoining, both here found to lend interest to the place; and then, to accomplish the rest of the ascent, they mount the well-trained and sure-footed horses provided for the service, an interesting specimen of which is the noted *Ned*, a Canadian pony, that, with a few significant shakes of the head, as much as to say, "*I am equal to it*," scrambles up the steepest rocky ascents with the agility of an Alpine chamois.

I. THE SUMMIT HOUSE AND BARN:

CHIN *in the distance.*

THE Summit House, represented in the first of the series of the accompanying views, taken by H. P. Moore, artist, of Concord, New Hampshire, in the fall

of 1860, to delineate the scenery of Mount Mansfield, owes its existence here on the top of this towering mountain, where such a structure could be so little expected to appear, entirely to the enterprise and taste of the Hon. William H. H. Bingham, of Stowe, who, mainly with the view of making this great natural observatory of Vermont what he has since made it, became the chief proprietor of the whole mountain. The front or main building is one story and a half high, fifty feet in length by thirty in breadth. The rear building, joined to the main one, and running back at right angles with it, is one story high, twenty-four feet wide, and forty feet long, exclusive of a projection thrown out at the farther end for a kitchen appendage. The front building, which was of course intended for the occupation of guests, while the rear one was designed to be devoted to the dining room, kitchen, and lodging rooms for the servants, contains two rows of neat, airy, and sufficiently spacious bed rooms, running the whole length of the building above, and several below, together with a suit of handsome withdrawing and sitting rooms, the whole of which is capable of furnishing the best of accommodations for a large number of guests. In accordance with the good judgment of the proprietor, not a yard of lath and plaster was used in finishing the inside of the building, but all the rooms were ceiled with well-planed wood work, and neatly painted. The house is well furnished throughout all its various apartments, every way convenient and comfortable, and in all these respects, and in the general appearance of every thing within and without, surpassing most dwelling houses, and equalling many of the most respectable hotels in the country. . The hewed and sawed lumber, which, with immense labor and difficulty,

was drawn up the mountain to accomplish the Herculean task involved in the construction of these buildings, cost the proprietor, when it had reached its destination, full twenty-five dollars per thousand; and the whole outlay of this remarkable enterprise, inclusive of the cost of the barn, but exclusive of all cost of making the road up the mountain, will be nearly four thousand dollars. The barn is a good one of fourteen stalls for the use of the horses of those who choose to take their own to the summit.

II. LAKE OF THE CLOUDS.

From the CHIN.

AS you take your stand on the highest point of the bold, hoary prominence constituting the far-seen and far-famed CHIN of the semblant sleeping giant which Fancy sees in the singular configuration of Mount Mansfield, your eye, in turning to the north-east, is at once attracted to a bright, broken spot, gleaming up from a small, woody basin lying at the foot of the first downward slope, and almost within the distance of a stone's throw from your feet. A second glance reveals to you, in your surprise at such a vision in such a place, a beautiful little sylvan sheet of water, or "lakelet," as Fanny Kemble, we think it was, so prettily designated the commonly called pond of New England. This lakelet, curving round among the dwarfed evergreens that partially embower it, is perhaps two hundred feet long, sixty feet wide in some places, and three or four feet in the depth of its waters. It has a small outlet, descending in a hundred leaping cascades into the great gorge of the Smugglers' Notch below, but no visible inlet, being doubtless supplied by some copious spring, gushing

up from the bottom. It is very cold, and of crystal clearness. No fish, we believe, have ever been discovered in it; but we hope the experiment will be ere long tried of stocking it with the silvery trout, that pride of our pure mountain waters.

There are several other points of interest in the locality of the CHIN, and in the intermediate space extending over the long, depressed ridge between the CHIN and the NOSE, not included in this or any other View of the artist, of which some note should be taken in the connection.

On the bed rocks of this summit are found in places, very palpably marked, what, in the technicalities of geologists, are termed the *Drift Scratches*, which, ever running from the north to the south, are deemed, among other "testimony of the rocks," conclusive proof of the occurrence, in some remote age, of a great drift or avalanche of ice, imbedded rocks, and water, coming down from the arctic seas, that by some convulsion had become elevated above the southern regions, in a volume high enough to sweep over our loftiest mountains, remove their heaviest boulders, and scatter them for miles along its fearful track.

Near the centre of the rounded surface of this summit may also be seen a curious circular depression, or basin, of the width of several hundred feet, in the top diameter, which may well be considered the dimple of the CHIN. It is in the form of the old Roman amphitheatre, and could be made to seat ten thousand people, who might all distinctly hear the lowest tones of a speaker addressing them from any point of the rim above.

This last assertion may contravene the generally received opinion, which, going on the usual ground that the denser air of the lowlands is a better medium of

sound than the rarefied air of mountain heights, would make out so high a summit as this a bad place for a speaker to be heard by a large auditory. Some experiments tried here, however, are said to show the reverse to be the fact. If so, the explanation is doubtless to be found in the still condition of the atmosphere up here, which, being free from the thousand crossing and intermingling vibrations occasioned by the multiplex sounds ever arising from an inhabited locality, forms, even here, a better medium of sound than the denser air below.

About one third the distance from the CHIN to the NOSE, will be found two separated, rocky elevations, which pass for the lips of this semblant mountain giant. And a short distance farther to the south may be seen the remarkable boulder of perhaps one hundred tons weight, which stands so nicely poised on a small pivot rock, as almost to be shaken by the hand, and which, therefore, has been appropriately named the BALANCE ROCK. Considerable portions of this ridge, as you approach the NOSE, are covered with low, stunted, scraggly evergreens, among which may be seen aged trees, from one to two feet in diameter at the ground, and but two or three yards high, reminding one of the singular expression of the prophet, of the "child one hundred years old." There are likewise to be met with springs, patches of wet swamp, and old logs, exhibiting marks of former fires. And these marks of fire, indeed, but confirm the truth of the assertions of the oldest inhabitants, who inform us that, fifty years ago, the whole of this mountain, peaks and all, was completely covered with thick, living forests; but that, about that period, a man, who had ascended the summit in a remarkably dry time, kindled a fire, which spread so rapidly as soon to enwrap

the whole heights in one devouring blaze, and compel him to a precipitate flight down the mountain, to save his life.

III. OLD MAN MANSFIELD.

Mouth of CAVE, NOSE, *and* SUMMIT HOUSE, *in the distance.*

THE view corresponding to the above caption, exhibits an interesting detached piece of the scenery of the mountain. It was taken from a point some way down the easterly side of the CHIN, and more particularly to show the remarkable rock profile, which is seen from this place, and which the artist has designated as the *Old Man Mansfield.* The observer, however, will be at full liberty, we suppose, to view it as rather representing the real old man's baby pet, which he is hugging up to his CHIN in his doting fondness, or, if fancy cannot be stretched to that, it may be viewed as the old man's miniature, placed in one corner of the full portrait.

The mouth of the CAVE, which was also intended to be exhibited, and which opens a short distance below the profile, does not appear very plainly in the view. But a good side view of the NOSE is here obtained, together with the distant SUMMIT HOUSE, and a varied range of the wild scenery which characterizes this side of the mountain.

IV. NOSE AND PROFILES.

From the Summit House.

THIS mountain seems to abound in profiles, formed by the configuration of the bold rocks jutting out from the sides of the peaks and the gorges. Many of these

are so palpable and striking as to be at once recognized as such by the most unimaginative beholder; while numerous others, more or less perfect, will be made out by the more poetical from almost any point where a measurably distant view of bare, ragged, and perpendicular rocks can be obtained. This view exhibits two specimens of those rock-formed semblances of the human face; one on the left, and the other on the right, of the bold projection forming the NOSE, as seen from the SUMMIT HOUSE door. The NOSE, which faces down within one hundred yards of the house, here loses almost all resemblance to the human appendage of that name, but appears rather as a huge and shapeless mass of precipitous rocks. And if the resemblance could be traced at all, the lofty, projecting mass would more probably be likened to the battered and distorted nose of the bruiser, fresh from the field of the pugilistic encounter. No, not much of a nose is to be made out at this point of view; for in this matter, as in a thousand other aspects of nature or of life,

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

V. NOSE AND SUMMIT HOUSE.

From the East Side.

HERE is another view of the NOSE, in which more of the enchantment of distance is made to exert its mystic powers on the senses of the beholder, while, at the same time, he obtains a much better conception of the true shape and relative proportions of the peak, whose appearance in surrounding locations first led to the name by which it is now known to the public at

large. And, indeed, there is no standpoint, from which the softening effect of distance is more happily combined with that of the bold and rugged reality presented in the view, than here, or from which this peak strikes the senses more imposingly. The SUMMIT HOUSE, also, is here dimly observable, in its comparative littleness, as it rises over the intervening forest, and stands up against the sky on the right, to cheer the eye of the ascending tourist. And the effect of all is enhanced by the picturesque aspect of the foreground, with its broad, dark forest, and its relieving, gnarled, and bare-armed dry trees, one of which shoots up obliquely over all, with the appearance of a dismantled, storm-spared mast of some tempest-tossed ship of the ocean.

An additional interest is attached to this View, which was taken near the side of the road, a half mile or more from the summit, by the fact that this point is the first one where the eye of the tourist is greeted by a view of the peak and SUMMIT HOUSE, in his weary ascent of the mountain.

VI. MOUNT MANSFIELD.

From Stowe.

THE artist, having passed down the river a couple of miles, where the valley begins to expand into cultivated meadows, and turned about to the west, has here given us a View which, for the first time, takes in the whole of Mount Mansfield, and shows it, with all the peculiarities of its configuration, as it appears in the distance, through the surrounding country. Here the swelling forehead, the shapely NOSE, the protuberant lips, and the more boldly upheaved CHIN, all appear distinctly

marked on the top line of the mountain, whose magnificent whole looms up high into the face of the heavens in its lonely grandeur. The HALF-WAY HOUSE, which does not appear in any other of these Views, is here dimly visible in the white specks seen in the forest, in the line of the NOSE, about half way down this side of the mountain.

VII. THE SMUGGLER'S NOTCH.

THOSE who make the ascent of Mount Mansfield, and then go away without visiting the *Smuggler's Notch*, will have missed witnessing, not only one of the greatest wonders connected with that mountain, but one of the most stupendous gorges to be found in this or any other country. This notch is the deeply-cut, narrow mountain pass, extending, with a small gradual rise, and with slowly contracting width, from the upper part of Stowe valley, where the road to the *Summit House* leaves it, about three miles to the northern extremity, or the culminating point, at which it begins to descend, and rapidly opens into the forests of the town of Cambridge. And thus it opens a way for travel between the two towns just named and the contiguous parts of the adjoining ones, by which, probably, nearly twenty miles may be gained in the distance now required to be passed over on the roads at present taken in going from one of these places to the other. And it was partly because it afforded the quickest passage, but mainly because it was so unfrequented and forbidding in appearance, that those desperate commercial adventurers, from whom the name of the place was derived, often chose this pass for their route in running contraband goods from Canada into the

States, during the stormy period preceding the war of 1812.

As this Notch, or pass, at first strikes the visitor, it appears to have been formed by the jutting almost together of the two opposing, bold and precipitous sides of Mansfield and Sterling mountains. Yet on a closer inspection, he can scarcely resist the conviction that these two mountains were once united in one; and that, by some mighty convulsion of nature, it was rent and riven asunder from top to bottom, and its perpendicularly-cleft sides, in the exercise of the inconceivable power, thrust back far enough apart to form the dark and fearful chasm that here opens on his view.

But as no words of general description, nor any one view which the artist could take, in such a place, would afford an adequate conception of this wonder of nature as a whole, we must descend to the detail of its parts, and such of the more striking of its features as we can best describe, and best succeed in bringing within the comprehension of those who have never had the opportunity of seeing and judging for themselves.

On leaving the last clearings of the valley, and entering the woods, on your route to the gorge, you strike into the old smugglers' road, which, for the first mile, is found quite passable, it being kept open and frequently used by the nearest settlers for drawing out timber. Your road then becomes a mere bridle-way, and leads you along the banks of the gurgling stream through a pleasant, winding vale, densely covered by a thrifty growth of maple and other of the deciduous forest trees, the width of the vale gradually lessening, with your progress, and the mountain sides growing more and more precipitous, and shutting down closer and closer,

on each side of your path, until you suddenly come to the head of the stream, and a break in the hitherto overshadowing forest. Here, as you emerge into the light of this partial opening among the tree-tops, you for the first time obtain distinct glimpses of the great rock-walled gorge you are about to enter, causing you almost to shrink back in awe at the disclosures here imperfectly made in promise of what is to follow. But you are told by your guide to withhold your admiration till you have proceeded farther, where better views and of bolder scenery are to be obtained. You are then conducted along the more ascending, dry, and rocky bed of the pass, and soon find yourself in the region of the giant boulders, which, to the number of many scores, and the prodigious weight of hundreds and thousands of tons, lie, for the next half mile, promiscuously scattered along the way. At length, selecting one of the largest and most commanding of these boulders, you clamber up its rugged sides to the top, high enough to overlook the undergrowth and all the lower trees around, when all the bolder and more startling features of this tremendous gorge burst, at once, on your amazed vision. But we must check our emotions of the sublime, and again descend to the particulars of fact and figures.

Within fifty yards of your standpoint, on either side, abruptly rise the broad, bold, rock-ribbed walls, nearly one thousand feet above your head, and so perpendicularly that a line stretched across from top to top of the highest cliffs above, would scarcely measure more than one drawn across below, on the level of your feet. The faces of these walls, however, are not continuous, but broken vertically by deep, ragged interstices along the upper portions, from which, as it now becomes evident

to you, those mighty boulders you have seen without understanding whence they came, have been, from time to time, disengaged by the action of frosts, or the jarrings of earthquakes, and plunged bodily, and with terrible force, into the depths of the valley below. This breaks the fronting sides of the precipice into deep, upright recesses, and broad, square-faced projections resembling towers, which terminate in separate pinnacles, rising to or above the line of the heights above, and often exhibiting, in their sharp angles and rugged outlines, strong semblances of curious images and profile appearances. And here, and thus, these lofty rock-towers stand to awe the beholder, as they have stood for centuries, with their dark sides rising, gloomy and grand, out of the shadows of the valley below, and their dizzy pinnacles above, now basking in the bright sunlight, scarcely known at their bases in the gorge, and now dipping in the dun clouds almost daily rolling over them.

Of these mighty serrated cliffs, there are, on the west side of the gorge, four or five; while, on the east side, there are but three, which, from their bolder appearance and more peculiar configuration, have been honored by fanciful visitors with by no means very inappropriate christenings. The one standing nearest the southern entrance of the rock-bound portion of the pass has therefore received the name of the *Gate Pillar*. The next, or middle one, from a fancied or true resemblance, has been called the *Elephant's Head;* while the remaining one of the three, from the thin, sharp, anxious-looking visage it seems to present in the shape of one of its upper crags, has been named the *Miser's Profile*.

After you have feasted your vision upon the sublime scenes here disclosed as long as you choose, you descend

from your stand and pick your way back among the long line of boulders, which now bring to mind, perhaps, the traditions you may have heard of the encounters once occurring among them, between the smugglers and the custom-house forces, when goods were hastily secreted by the one in the dark cavern holes around, or seized by the other, while fists and cudgels were flying, and the snow reddened by the freely-drawn blood of the combatants. And while thus musing, and noting the minor curiosities every where to be met with on your way, you at length come back to the entrance of the great rock pass, to examine the last remaining to be described, but by no means the least remarkable object of the place, which, urged on by the more imposing prospects in front, you had, on your way up the gorge, omitted very closely to inspect. We mean

VIII. THE MAMMOTH SPRING.

WE spoke, in describing the route up the valley to the mouth of the pass, of there arriving suddenly at the head of the stream. And so, on the first coming, does every visitor, and not only suddenly, but with much surprise; for, but a few rods back, he had seen the brook still retaining its size, and looking large enough for a respectable mill-stream. And finding himself obviously in the immediate vicinity of the head of the stream, he looks wonderingly around to see where the water can come from. But, on turning his eye back till it catches the stream, and then following it up to the foot of the ascending steep on the right, his mental inquiry is at once answered. And still half doubtingly

approaching the spot, he beholds, to his astonishment, rushing out from a narrow aperture in the foot rocks of the mountain, a volume of water, which forms a little river at the outset, and which goes merrily dancing and sparkling along down its wooded channel to the bed of the valley, as if rejoicing at its escape from its dark, mountain dungeons, and in now being permitted to revel in the light of heaven.

To say that the amount of water discharged from this remarkable fountain would equal that of twenty ordinary first class springs, would scarcely give one an adequate idea of its size. It throws out not less, probably, than five hogsheads per minute, and would require the pressure of a considerable head to force it through a six-inch pipe. And here this immense fountain of pure, cold, crystal water has continued to pour out from the depths of the mountain ever since the memory of man, never discolored or swollen by the floods, and never perceptibly diminished by the droughts, that mark the rounds of the seasons. It can have no equal in all the eastern part of Vermont, and few or no superiors any where.

It is said to be in contemplation by the proprietor of Mount Mansfield, directly under which this whole valley is located, to erect here, on the margin of the fountain, a neat, sylvan cottage. If this be done, we know of no place in the wide world so interesting and delightful for passing one of the sultry days of midsummer as this.

IX. MOSS GLEN FALLS AND CASCADE.

AFTER travelling about three miles from Stowe village, and over a pleasant road, the seeker of the picturesque and beautiful is gratified by the sight of a remarkable waterfall, now known as Moss Glen Falls *and* Cascade. It is situated in a wild gorge breaking through one of the lower ridges on the north-western slope of the Worcester mountain. The approach, to use in substance the language of a cultured tourist, who had visited the spot, is very beautiful. The ascent over and around it, furnishing varying views of the deep caverns below, is easy and safe; so that the most timid may enjoy the fullest beauties of the scene. The source of the stream which forms this romantic fall and cascade, is from a little mountain lake, lying some distance above; and the water, after rushing through the deep, dark gorge, here opened through the wooded, rocky ridge to the extent of about one hundred and fifty feet, falls, as seen in the accompanying View, abruptly forty feet into the deep basin beneath, called *Richardson's Bowl.* From this it again rushes on over a broad, dark-hued, solid body of rock, spreading itself out into a rich, silvery cascade, and falling sixty feet into another basin, called *Whitney's Cup*, which is encompassed, on the one hand, by dark, cavernous, overhanging rocks, and on the other by a solid, perpendicular rock-cliff, rising to the height of one hundred feet above. The upper basin — *Richardson's Bowl* — is a complete rotunda, furnishing a view in which, as you stand in the entrance witnessing the headlong leaps, the rush and roar of waters, together with the wild scenery that encloses them, you cannot fail to

be deeply impressed by the solemn grandeur of the spectacle.

As seen from various positions around, the upper basin, or rotunda, (seventy-five feet in diameter, ninety feet high, with an opening at the top only twenty-five feet wide,) the dazzling cascade, the down-plunging waterfall, and the dark, rifted chasm above, from which it issues, combine probably as much of the mingled picturesque and beautiful as can be found in any one spot this side of the Tyrol Mountains of Switzerland.

SUMMIT HOUSE, FROM THE BASE OF THE NOSE.

LAKE OF THE CLOUDS.

OLD MAN MANSFIELD.

THE NOSE, FROM THE EAST.

NOSE, FROM THE SUMMIT HOUSE

MOUNT MANSFIELD, FROM STOWE.

MAMMOTH SPRING.

SMUGGLERS NOTCH.

MOSS GLEN FALLS.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 068 770 4

List of Views.

1. Summit House and Chin.
2. Lake of the Clouds.
3. Old Man Mansfield.
4. Nose and Profiles.
5. The Nose from the East.
6. Mount Mansfield from Stowe.
7. View in Smuggler's Notch.
8. The Mammoth Spring.
9. Moss Glen Falls and Cascade.